

# Like as the Hart doth breath and bray

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 42*

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590 - 1633)

CANTVS

MEDIVS

TENOR  
or Playnsong

BASSVS

*Bangor Tune*

3

S.

A.

T.

B.

Like as the Hart doth breath and bray, the well-spring to ob - tain,

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so doth my soul de - sire al - way with the Lord to re - main.

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so doth my soul de - sire al - way with the Lord to re - main.

2. My soul doth thirst and would draw near,  
the living Lord of might:  
Oh, when shall I come and appear  
in presence of his sight?

3. The tears all times are my repast,  
which from mine eyes do slide:  
When wicked men cry out so fast,  
where now is God my guide?  
4. Alas what grief is this to think,  
what freedom once I had?  
Therefore my soul as at pit's brink,  
is most heavy and sad.

When I did march in good array,  
furnished with my train:  
Unto the Temple was our way,  
with songs and hearts most sain.  
->

5. My soul why art thou sad always,  
and freezed thus in my breast?  
Trust still in God, for him to praise,  
I hold it ever best.

By him I have succour at need,  
against all pain and grief:  
He is my God which with all speed,  
will haste to send relief.  
6. And thus my soul within me (Lord)  
doth faint to think upon:  
The Land of Jordan, and record  
the little hill Hennon.

## *The Second part.*

7. One grief another in doth call,  
as clouds burst out their voice:  
The floods of evil that do fall,  
run over me with noise.  
8. Yet I by day felt thy goodness  
and help at all assays:  
Likewise by night I do not cease  
the living Lord to praise.

9. I am persuaded thus to say,  
to him with pure pretence:  
O Lord thou art my guide and stay,  
my rock and my defence.

Why do I then in pensiveness,  
hanging the head thus walk:  
While that mine enemies me oppress,  
and vex me with their talk?

10. For why? they pierce the inward parts  
with pangs to be abhorred:  
When they cry out with stubborn hearts  
where is thy God thy Lord:  
11. So soon why dost thou faint and quail  
my soul with pains oppressed:  
With thoughts why dost thyself assail  
so sore within my breast?

12. Trust in the Lord thy God always,  
and thou the time shalt see:  
To give him thanks with laud and praise,  
for health restored to thee.

### Critical notes:

Editorial sharp added in Medius bar 3, note 7;  
Medius bar 3, note 4 is E in the original;  
this setting is similar to the one of Psalm 94;  
text somewhat modernised.